

N  
PIT  
ONE

THE  
PIRATES  
OF  
PENZANCE

OR  
THE SLAVE OF DUTY

AN ENTIRELY ORIGINAL COMIC OPERA  
IN TWO ACTS.

Written by

W. S. GILBERT

Composed by

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

A. W. TAMS  
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# THE 'PIRATES OF PENZANCE.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

RICHARD, a Pirate Chief . . . . .	_____
SAMUEL, his Lieutenant . . . . .	_____
FREDERIC, a Pirate Apprentice . . . . .	_____
MAJOR-GENERAL STANLEY, of the British Army . . . . .	_____
EDWARD, a Sergeant of Police . . . . .	_____
MABEL, General Stanley's Youngest Daughter . . . . .	_____
KATE, } General Stanley's Daughters. . . . .	} _____
EDITH, } _____	
ISABEL, } _____	
RUTH, a Piratical "Maid-of-all-work". . . . .	_____
General Stanley's Daughters, Pirates, Policemen, etc. . . . .	

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# THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE <sup>3</sup>

OR

## THE SLAVE OF DUTY

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### OVERTURE.

*Allegro maestoso.*

PIANO

*p*

The musical score for the Overture is written for piano. It begins with the tempo marking 'Allegro maestoso' and a piano dynamic 'p'. The first system shows a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass and a more melodic line in the treble. The second system continues this texture. The third system introduces dynamic contrasts with 'mf', 'f', and 'p' markings, featuring eighth-note patterns and a triplet in the right hand. The fourth system includes 'mf', 'p', and 'f' markings, with a triplet in the right hand. The fifth system is marked 'mf' and continues the piano accompaniment.





First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *f* (forte).

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic development with eighth notes and rests. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *ff* (fortissimo) and *fz* (forzando).

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *fz* (forzando) and *p* (piano).

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *cresc.* (crescendo).

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth notes. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano), *rall.* (ritardando), and *rall.* (ritardando). The section is labeled *Cadenza*.

Andante.

First system of musical notation for the Andante section. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and dyads, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues with chordal textures, and the left hand maintains its eighth-note pattern, with some melodic movement in the bass line.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand shows more complex chordal structures. The left hand has a *Red.* (Reduction) marking and a small asterisk symbol. The tempo is marked *rit.* (ritardando) towards the end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with some grace notes. The left hand continues with a steady accompaniment. A *b<sub>1</sub>* marking is present in the bass line.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking and a *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic. The left hand has a *rit.* marking. The system concludes with a double bar line.

Allegro vivace.

Sixth system of musical notation, marking the beginning of the Allegro vivace section. The key signature changes to two sharps (F-sharp, C-sharp) and the time signature changes to 2/4. The right hand plays a simple melody, and the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords.



*p*

*p leggiero*

*cresc.*





*da qui stringendo il tempo*



## Più vivace



SCENE — *A rocky sea-shore on the coast of Cornwall. Rocks L., sloping down to L. C. of stage. Under these rocks is a cavern, the entrance to which is seen at first entrance L. A natural arch of rock occupies the R. C. of the stage. In the distance is a calm sea, on which a schooner is lying at anchor.*

*As the curtain rises groups of Pirates are discovered, some drinking, some playing cards. SAMUEL, the Pirate Lieutenant, is going from one group to another, filling the cups from a flask FREDERIC is seated in a despondent attitude at the back of the scene, C. RUTH kneels at his feet.*

## OPENING CHORUS OF PIRATES, & SOLO — Samuel.

### Nº 1.

*Moderato maestoso.*

PIANO *p cresc.* *ff*

*p*

*cresc.*

**A** CHORUS. TENORS. *f*

Pour, O King, the pi - rate

BASSES. *f*

Pour, O King, the pi - rate

**A** *f*



sher-ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass! \_\_\_\_\_

sher-ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass! \_\_\_\_\_

And, O King, to make us mer-ry, Let the pi-rate bum-per pass! \_\_\_\_\_

And, O King, to make us mer-ry, Let the pi-rate bum-per pass! \_\_\_\_\_

**B**

**B** **SAMUEL.**

For to-day our Pi - rate 'Pren-tice ri - ses from in -

**B**

*p*

den - ture freed; Strong his arm, and keen his scent is—He's a Pi - rate now in-deed!

## CHORUS.

Here's good luck to Fred-ric's ven - tures, Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures.

Here's good luck to Fred-ric's ven - tures, Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures.

## SAM.

Two and twen - ty now he's ris - ing, And a-lone he's fit to fly;

## CHORUS

Here's good luck to

Which we're bent on sig - na - liz - ing With un-u - sual re - vel-ry! Here's good luck to

Fred-ric's ven- tures, Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures. SAM. Pour, O King, the pi - rate  
 Fred-ric's ven- tures, Fred-ric's out of his in-den-tures. Pour, O King, the pi - rate  
 sher - ry, Fill, O King, the pi - rate glass! And, O King, to make us mer-ry, Let the  
 pi-rate bum - per pass!  
 pi-rate bum - per pass!

(FREDERIC rises and comes forward with Pirate King, who enters from R. U. E.)

KING. Yes, Frederic, from to-day you rank as a full-blown member of our band.

ALL. Hurrah!

FREDERIC. My friends, I thank you all, from my heart, for your kindly wishes. Would that I could repay them as they deserve!

KING. What do you mean?

FRED. To-day I am out of my indentures, and to-day I leave you for ever.

ALL. Leave us?

FRED. For ever!

KING. But this is quite unaccountable. A keener hand at

scuttling a Cunarder or cutting out a White Star never shipped a handspike.

FRED. Yes, I have done my best for you. And why? It was my duty under my indentures, and I am the slave of duty. As a child I was regularly apprenticed to your band. It was through an error. No matter, the mistake was ours, not yours, and I was in honor bound by it.

SAMUEL. An error? What error?

FRED. I may not tell you. It would reflect upon my well-loved Ruth.

(RUTH comes down C.)

RUTH. Nay, dear master, my mind has long been gnawed by the cankerous tooth of mystery. Better have it out at once.

## SONG — Ruth.

## No 2.

RUTH.

1. When
2. I
3. I

*Allegro pesante.*

PIANO

Fred - 'ric was a — lit - tle lad He proved so brave and da - ring, His  
 was a stu - pid\_ nur - s'ry maid, On break - ers al - ways steer - ing; And I  
 soon found out be - yond all doubt, The scope of this dis - as - ter; But I

fa - ther thought he'd 'pren - tice him To — some ca - reer sea - far - ing. I —  
 did not catch the word a - right, Thro' be - ing hard of hear - ing. Mis -  
 hadn't the face to re - turn to my place, And break it to my mas - ter. A —

was, a - las! his nur - s'ry maid, And so it fell to my lot to  
tak - ing my in - struc - tions, which With - in my brain did gy - rate, I  
nur - s'ry maid is not a - fraid Of what you peo - ple call work, So I

take and bind the pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a pi - lot; A  
took and bound this pro-mis-ing boy Ap - pren - tice to a Pi - rate! A  
made up my mind to go as a kind Of pi - ra - ti - cal maid of all work; And

life not bad for a har - dy lad Though sure - ly not a high lot, Though  
sad mis - take it — is to make, And — doom him to a vile lot, I  
that is how you — d me now A — mem - ber of your shy lot, Which you

I'm a nurse, you might do worse Than make your boy a pi - lot!  
bound him to a Pi - rate you! In - stead of to a pi - lot!  
wouldn't have found had he been bound Ap - pren - tice to a pi - lot!



RUTH. (*Kneeling at his feet.*) Oh pardon, Frederic! pardon!

FRED. Rise, sweet one, I have long pardoned you.

(*RUTH rises.*)

RUTH. The two words were so much alike!

FRED. They still are, though years have rolled over their heads! (*RUTH goes up with SAMUEL.*) But this afternoon my obligation ceases. Individually, I love you all with affection unspeakable; but collectively, I look upon you with a disgust that amounts to absolute detestation. Oh pity me, my beloved friends, for such is my sense of duty that once out of my indentures I shall feel myself bound to devote myself, heart and soul, to your extermination.

ALL. Poor lad! poor lad! (*All weep.*)

KING. Well, Frederic, if you conscientiously feel that it is your duty to destroy us, we cannot blame you for acting on that conviction. Always act in accordance with the dictates of your conscience, my boy, and chance the consequences.

SAMUEL. Besides, we can offer you but little temptation to remain with us. We don't seem to make piracy pay. I'm sure I don't know why, but we don't.

FRED. I know why, but, alas! I mustn't tell you: it wouldn't be right.

KING. Why not, my boy? It's only half-past eleven, and you are one of us until the clock strikes twelve.

SAM. True, and until then you are bound to protect our interests.

ALL. Hear! hear!

FRED. Well, then, it is my duty as a pirate to tell you that you are too tender-hearted. For instance, you make a point of never attacking a weaker party than yourselves, and when you attack a stronger party you invariably get thrashed.

KING. There is some truth in that.

FRED. Then, again, you make a point of never molesting an orphan.

SAM. Of course: we are orphans ourselves, and know what it is.

FRED. Yes, but it has got about, and what is the consequence. Every one we capture says he's an orphan. The last three ships we took proved to be manned entirely by orphans, and so we had to let 'em go. One would think that Great Britain's mercantile navy was recruited solely from her orphan asylums, which we know is not the case. (*Crosses R.*)

SAM. But, hang it all! you wouldn't have us absolutely merciless?

FRED. There's my difficulty. Until twelve o'clock I would;

after twelve o'clock I wouldn't. Was ever a man placed in so delicate a situation?

(*RUTH comes down C.*)

RUTH. And Ruth, your own Ruth, whom you love so well and who has won her middle-aged way into your boyish heart, what is to become of her?

KING. Oh, he will take you with him.

FRED. Well, Ruth, I feel some little difficulty about you. It is true that I admire you very much, but I have been constantly at sea since I was eight years old, and yours is the only woman's face I have seen during that time. I think it is a sweet face.

RUTH. It is — oh, it is!

FRED. I say I *think* it is — that is my impression. But as I have never had an opportunity of comparing you with other women, it is just possible I may be mistaken.

KING. True.

FRED. What a terrible thing it would be if I were to marry this innocent person, and then find out that she is, on the whole, plain.

KING. Oh, Ruth is very well — very well indeed.

SAM. Yes, there are the remains of a fine woman about Ruth.

FRED. Do you really think so? Then I will not be so selfish as to take her from you — justice to her and in consideration for you I will leave her — *(Hands RUTH to KING.)*

KING. No, Frederic, that must not be. We are rough men, who lead a rough life, but we are not so utterly heartless as to deprive thee of thy love. I think I am right in saying that there is not one here who would deprive thee of this inestimable treasure for all the world holds dear.

ALL. (*Loudly.*) Not one!

KING. No, I thought there wasn't. Keep thy love, Frederic — keep thy love! (*Hands her back to FREDERIC.*)

FRED. You're very good, I'm sure.

KING. Well, it's the top of the tide, and we must be off. Farewell, Frederic. When your process of extermination begins let our deaths be as swift and painless as you can conveniently make them.

FRED. I will. By the love I have for you, I swear it. Would that you could render this extermination unnecessary by accompanying me back to civilization!

KING. No, Frederic, it cannot be. I don't think much of our profession, but, contrasted with respectability, it is comparatively honest. No, Frederic; I shall live and die a pirate king.

## SONG—Pirate King &amp; Chorus.

## No 3.

Allegro moderato.

PIANO.

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked 'Allegro moderato'. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand features a series of chords and eighth-note patterns, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

KING.

1. Oh,  
2. When I

The vocal entry for the King is on a single note, followed by a piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand. A piano (p) dynamic marking appears in the right hand.

bet - ter far to live and die Un - der the brave black flag I fly, Than play a sanc - ti -  
sal - ly forth to seek my prey, I help my-self in a roy - al way; I sink a few more

The piano accompaniment for the first line of lyrics consists of chords in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand.

mo - nious part With a pi - rate head and a pi - rate heart!  
ships, it's true, Than a well-bred mon - arch ought to do!

The piano accompaniment for the second line of lyrics continues with chords in the right hand and eighth notes in the left hand. An accent (A) is placed over the final chord of the first line.

A-way to the cheat-ing world go you, Where.  
But ma-ny a king on a first class throne, If he

pi - rates all are well to do, But I'll be true to the song I sing, And live and die a  
wants to call his crown his own, Must man-age some-how to get through More dir - ty work than

*cresc.* *rall.*

**B** *a tempo*  
Pi - rate King, } For I am a Pi - rate King! \_\_\_\_\_ And it  
ever I do. }

**B** *p*

is, it is a glo-rious thing to be a Pi - rate King! — For I am a Pi - rate



King! \_\_\_\_\_ And it is, it is a glo - rious thing to

CHORUS *f*

You are! Hur-rah for the Pi - rate King! \_\_\_\_\_

*f* *p*

(Pause 2<sup>d</sup> verse only.)

be a Pi - rate King! Hur rah for the Pi - rate

It is! Hur-rah for our Pi - rate King! Hur rah for the Pi - rate

King! \_\_\_\_\_

King! \_\_\_\_\_

The musical score is written for a vocal soloist and a piano accompaniment. The vocal part is in bass clef, and the piano part consists of a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The tempo and mood are indicated by the 'f' (forte) and 'p' (piano) markings. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score includes a chorus section and a repeat sign at the end.

(After Song, the KING, SAMUEL, and all the Pirates, except FREDERIC and RUTH, go off R. and R.U. E. FREDERIC comes down C. followed by RUTH.)

RUTH. Oh take me with you! I cannot live if I am left behind.

FRED. Ruth, I will be quite candid with you. You are very dear to me, as you know, but I must be circumspect. You see, you are considerably older than I: a lad of twenty-one usually looks for a wife of seventeen.

RUTH. A wife of seventeen! You will find me a wife of a thousand!

FRED. No, but I shall find you a wife of forty-seven, and that is quite enough now. Ruth; tell me candidly and without reserve: compared with other women, how are *you*?

RUTH. I will answer you truthfully, master: I have a slight cold, but otherwise I am quite well.

FRED. I am sorry for your cold, but I was referring rather to your personal appearance. Compared with other woman, are you beautiful?

RUTH. (Bashfully.) I have been told so, dear master.

FRED. Ah, but lately?

RUTH. Oh no; years and years ago.

FRED. But what do you think yourself?

RUTH. It is a delicate question to answer, but I think I am a fine woman.

FRED. That is your candid opinion?

RUTH. Yes: I should be deceiving you if I told you otherwise.

FRED. Thank you, Ruth, I believe you, for I am sure you would not practise on my inexperience. I wish to do the right thing, and if—I say, *if*—you are really a fine woman, your age shall be no obstacle to our union. (Shakes hands with her.)

(Chorus of girls heard in the extreme distance, "Climbing over rocky mountains," etc. See entrance of girls.)

FRED. Hark! surely I hear voices. Who has ventured to approach our all but inaccessible lair? Can it be custom-house? No, it does not sound like custom-house.

RUTH. (Aside.) Confusion! It is the voices of young girls! If he should see them I am lost.

FRED. (Climbing rocky arch R.C. and looking off L.) By all that's marvellous, a bevy of beautiful maidens.

RUTH. (Aside.) Lost! lost! lost!

FRED. How lovely, how surpassingly lovely, is the plainest of them! What grace! what delicacy! what refinement! and Ruth—Ruth told me she was beautiful!

## NO 4. RECITATIVE & DUET—Ruth & Frederic.

Allegro vivace.

FREDERIC.

PIANO. *ff* *mf*

Oh, false one! you have de ceived me!

RUTH.

FRED.

*A a tempo*

I have deceived you? Yes, de-ceived me! You told me you were

*A a tempo*

RUTH.

FRED.

fair as gold! And mas-ter, am I not so? And now I see you're

RUTH FRED.

plain and old! I'm sure I'm not a jot so! Up - on my in - no -

RUTH FRED.

cence you play. I'm not the one to plot so. Your face is lined, your

RUTH B FRED.

hair is grey. It's grad - u - al - ly got so. Faith - less wo - man

*p*

RUTH

to de-ceive me, I who trust - ed so. Mas - ter, mas - ter,

FRED RUTH.

do not leave me. Hear me ere I go! Faith - less wo - man! Mas - ter,

mas-ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, do not leave me, Hear me

Faith - less wo - man, faith - less wo-man to de - ceive me, I who

ere I go! Mas - ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me ere

trust - ed so! Faith - less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who trust -

I go!

- ed so!

*ff*

## Andante RUTH

My love with-out re-flect - ing, Oh, do not be re - ject - ing! Take a mai - den

*p*

ten - der, Her af - fec - tion raw and green, — At ve - ry high - est ra - ting, Has

*D*

been ac - cu - mu - la - ting sum - mers se - ven - teen, — sum - mers se - ven -

*p*

*E* RUTH

teen. — Don't, be - lov - ed mas - ter, Crush me with dis - as - ter;

FRED

Yes, your for - mer mas - ter Saves you from dis - as - ter;

*E*

*p*

What is such a dow - er to the dow - er I have here!— My love un - a -

Your love would be un-com - fort - a - bly fer - vid, it is clear,—

ba - - ting Has been ac-cu - mu - la - - ting for-ty-se - ven year!—

If, as you are sta-ting, It's been ac-cu-mu-lia-ting for-ty-se - ven

Allegro vivace.

for - ty-se - ven year!

year! Faith-less wo-man to de - ceive me, I who trust - ed

Allegro vivace.

*rall.* *p* *cresc.* *f*

*cresc.* *f*

Mas - ter, mas - ter, do not leave me, Hear me ere I

*cresc.* *f*

so! Faith-less wo - man to de - ceive me, I who trust - - - ed

*p* *cresc.* *f*

(At the end he renounces her, and she goes off R. in despair.)

go!

*Recit. FRED.*

so! What shall I do? Be-

*ff*

fore these gen-tle maid-ens I dare not show in this a-larm-ing cos-tume! No,

*f*

no, I must re-main in close con-ceal-ment, Un - til I can ap-pear in de-cent cloth - ing.

## Nº 5.

## CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Allegro grazioso.

PIANO.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is in 2/4 time, starting with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *leggiero* (light) character. The right hand features a melody with eighth-note patterns, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The second system continues the melody, marked with a crescendo (*cresc.*) and ending with a mezzo-forte staccato (*mf stacc.*) dynamic. A first ending bracket labeled '8' spans the first two measures of the second system.

CHORUS.

The first system of the chorus features a vocal melody in the right hand and a piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Climb - ing o - ver rock - y moun-tain, Skipping ri - vu - let and foun-tain, Passing where the wil - lows". The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

The second system of the chorus continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "qui - - ver, Pass-ing where the wil-lows qui-ver By the ev - er roll-ing riv-er,". The piano accompaniment maintains the same eighth-note pattern.

The third system of the chorus concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Swol-len with the sum-mer rain, the sum - mer rain. Thread-ing long and leaf - y maz-es". The piano accompaniment continues with the eighth-note pattern. A second ending bracket labeled 'B' spans the last two measures of the system.



Spot-ted with un-num-bered dai-sies, Spot-ted, dot-ted with un-num-bered dai-sies,

Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har-dy lit-tle las-sies, Till the— bright sea -

shore they gain; Scal-ing rough and rug-ged pass-es, Climb the har-dy lit-tle las-sies,

Till the— bright sea - shore they gain.

## EDITH

Let us gai - ly tread the meas - ure, Make the

*p*

most of fleet - ing pleas - ure; Hail it as a true al - ly,

CHORUS

Though it per - ish bye and bye, Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it

*f*

EDITH

per - ish bye and bye. Ev - 'ry mo - ment brings a treas - ure Of its

*p*

own es - pe - cial pleas - ure, Though the mo - ments quick - ly die,

Greet them gai - ly as they fly, Greet them gai - ly as they

**G**  
fly!  
**CHORUS**  
Though the mo - ments quick - ly die, Greet them gai - ly as they fly!

**H**  
**SOLO KATE**  
Far a - way from toil and care, Rev - el -

ling in fresh sea air, Here we live and reign a - lone,

In a world that's all our own. Here, in — this our

rock - y den, Far a - way from mor - tal men, We'll be

Queens and make de - crees, They may hon - or them who

please.

CHORUS

We'll be Queens and make de - crees, They may hon - or them who please,

**ff**

**L TUTTI**

*f*

Let us gai - ly tread the — meas - ure, Make the most of

**L**

*ff*

fleet - ing lei - sure, Hail it as a true al - ly, Though it

per - ish bye - and - bye, Hail it as a true al - ly,

Though it per-ish—bye-and-bye. Let us gai-ly tread the meas-ure,

Make the most of fleet-ing lei-sure, Hail it as a true al-ly, a true

al-ly.

*ff*

\* Red. \*

KATE. What a picturesque spot! I wonder where we are?

EDITH. And I wonder where papa is? We have left him ever so far behind.

ISABEL. Oh, he will be here presently. Remember, poor papa is not as young as we are, and we came over a rather difficult country.

KATE. But how thoroughly delightful it is to be so entirely alone! Why, in all probability we are the first human beings who ever set foot on this enchanting spot.

ISABEL. Except the mermaids: it's the very place for mermaids—

KATE. Who are only human beings down to the waist—

EDITH. And who can't be said, strictly, to set *foot* anywhere. Tails they may, but feet they *cannot*.

KATE. But what shall we do until papa and the servants arrive with the luncheon? (*All listen and come down.*)

EDITH. We are quite alone, and the sea is as smooth as glass. Suppose we take off our shoes and stockings and paddle.

ALL. Yes, yes— the very thing!

(*They prepare to carry out the suggestion. They have all taken off one shoe, when FREDERIC comes forward from cave.*)

## RECITATIVE— Edith, Kate, Frederic, & Chorus.

### Nº 6.

*Allegro.* *ff* *f*

Recit. FRED. CHORUS OF GIRLS. FRED.

Stop, la-dies, pray! A man! { I had intended not to intrude myself upon your notice in this effective

*a tempo* *Moderato.* EDITH.

but a-larm-ing cos-tume, { But under these peculiar circumstances, it is my bounden duty to inform you that your proceedings } Will not be un-wit-nessed. But

FRED. CHORUS OF GIRLS. Recit. FRED. *a tempo*

who are you, Sir? speak! I am a Pi-rate. A Pi-rate! hor-ror! La-dies, do not shun me! This

*p* *f*

Andante moderato.

ev-'ning I re-nounce my vile pro - fes - sion; And, to that end, O pure and peer-less.

*p*

maid - ens, O blush-ing buds of ev-er-bloom-ing beau-ty, I, sore of heart,

EDITH. KATE.

I, sore of heart, Im-plore your kind as - sist-ance. How pi - ti - ful his tale! How

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

*p*

rare his beau-ty! How pi - ti - ful his tale! How rare his beau - ty!



## ARIA— Frederic &amp; Chorus of Girls.

## No 7.

FRED.

Andante.

Oh, is there not one maid-en breast Which

PIANO.

Oh, is there not one maid-en breast Which

does not feel the mor-al beau - ty Of mak - ing world-ly in-ter-est Sub - or-di-nate to sense of

does not feel the mor-al beau - ty Of mak - ing world-ly in-ter-est Sub - or-di-nate to sense of

du - ty? Who would not give up will - ing-ly All ma - tri-mo-nial am-bi - tion To

du - ty? Who would not give up will - ing-ly All ma - tri-mo-nial am-bi - tion To

res - cue such an one as I From his un-for - tu-nate po - si-tion! From this po -

res - cue such an one as I From his un-for - tu-nate po - si-tion! From this po -

*a tempo*

si - tion to res - cue such an one as I From his — un-for-tu-nate po-si -

*pp dolce* *cresc.* *dim.*

## CHORUS OF GIRLS

tion! A - las, there's not one maid-en breast Which seems to feel the mor-al beau - ty Of

*p*

mak - ing world - ly in-ter-est Sub-or-di-nate to sense of du - ty.

*f* *ff*

FEED.

Oh, is there not one maid-en here Whose home-ly face and bad com - plex - ion Have

*p*

caus'd all hope to dis-ap-pear Of ev-er win-ning man's af - fec - tion! To such an one, If

such there be, I swear by heaven's arch a - bove you, If you will cast your eyes on me, How-

ev-er plain you be, I'll love you! How - ev - er plain you be, If you will cast your

*rall.* **E a tempo**

*pp dolce*

eyes on me, How-ev-er plain you be, I'll love you, I'll love — you, I'll love, — I'll love

*ff or* *cresc.* *f*

CHORUS OF GIRLS

you! A-las! there's not one maid - en here Whose home - ly face and bad com-plex-ion Have

*dim.* *p*

caus'd all hope to dis-ap-pear of ev-er win-ning man's af - fec - tion. Not one? No, no, not

**F** **F** **CHORUS**

*dim.* *p*

FRED. CHORUS OF GIRLS. MABEL. CHORUS. MABEL.

one! Not one? No, no! Yes, one! 'Tis Ma - bel! Yes! 'tis

Moderato.

Ma - - - - - rall. - - - - - bel! Oh, sis-ters, deaf to pi - ty's

Moderato.

*rall.* *p*

name, for shame! It's true that he has gone a - stray, but, pray, Is that a rea-son good and

CHORUS.

true why you should all be deaf to pi - ty's name? The ques-tion is, had he not been a thing of

*G* *ppp* *fz*

MABEL.

beau - ty, Would she be sway'd by quite as keen a sense of du - ty? For shame! for shame! for shame!

*fz*

*Attacca.*

## No 8.

Tempo di Valse.

MABEL.

PIANO. *p*

Poor wan - d'ring one, ——— Tho'thou hast sure - ly strayed,

Take heart of grace, Thy steps re - trace, Poor wan - d'ring one, ———

*A a tempo*

Poor wan - d'ring one, ——— If such poor love as mine

can help thee find True peace of mind, why, take it, it — is thine.

**B** CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Take heart, no dan-ger lowers; Take a - ny heart but ours.

**B**

MABEL.

Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - ny heart— take mine!

*p*

CHORUS.

Take heart, no dan-ger lowers; Take a - ny heart but ours.

MABEL.

Take heart, fair days will shine; Take a - ny heart— take mine! Ah!

*p*

Ah! Ah! Ah!

*cresc.*

**D**

Poor wan - d'ring one, ——— Tho' thou hast sure ly stray'd,

**D**

Take heart of grace Thy steps re trace, Poor — wan — d'ring

**E**

one Ah, ah! — Ah, ah, ah!

**CHORUS**

Poor wan - d'ring one! Poor wan - d'ring

**E**

Ah, ah! — Ah, ah, ah! Fair days will shine, Take —

one! Take heart, Take

8

heart! \_\_\_\_\_

heart!

*pp*

**F**

**CHORES**

Take — mine! Take — heart \_\_\_\_\_

Take a - ny heart but ours!

*p*

*pp*

Take heart! Take



heart! Take mine! heart! Take heart!

*f*

*G*

no dan-ger lowers; Take a ny heart but ours

Ah! ah!

Take heart, take heart, Take a - ny heart but

*tr*

*cadenza ad lib.*

Take heart.

ours, Take heart.

*ff*

*Red.*

(MABEL and FRED go to mouth of cave L., and converse. KATE beckons her sisters, who form in a semicircle around her.)

# No 9. Edith, Kate, & Chorus of Girls.

**Allegretto. EDITH.**

What ought we to do? gen-tle sis-ters, say! Pro-pri-e-ty, we know,

**PIANO.** *p.* *staccato.*

says we ought to stay, While sym-pa-ty exclaims, "Free them from your teth-er; Play at oth-er games,

**KATE.**

Leave them here to-geth-er." Her case may a-ny day Be yours, my dear, or mine;

*sempre staccato.*

Let her make her hay While the sun doth shine. Let us com-pro-mise, Our hearts are not of leath-er;

**CHORUS**

Let us shut our eyes, And talk a-bout the weather. Yes, yes, let's talk a-bout the weather.

*pp* *pp* *Attacca.*

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features five systems of music. The first system is for Edith, with a piano accompaniment marked 'PIANO.' and 'p.' (piano). The second system continues Edith's part. The third system is for Kate, with a piano accompaniment marked 'sempre staccato.' The fourth system continues Kate's part. The fifth system is for the Chorus, with a piano accompaniment marked 'pp' (pianissimo) and 'Attacca.' The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Allegretto.'

(EDITH, KATE and girls retire up, and sit two and two, facing  
each other, in a line across the stage.)

(Chattering Chorus during which FRED and MABEL fondle.)

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**No 10. DUET— Mabel & Frederic, & Chorus of Girls.**

*Allegro vivace.*

CHORUS

PIANO. *f* *p*

How beau-ti-ful-ly blue the sky; The

glass is ris-ing ver-y high, Con-tin-ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes-ter-day; To-

mor-row it may pour a-gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain), Yet peo-ple say, I know not why, That

we shall have a warm Ju-ly. To-mor-row it may pour a-gain (I hear the coun-try wants some rain), Yet

peo-ple say, I know not why, That we shall, have a warm Ju-ly. To - mor-row it may

MABEL.

Did ev - er maid - en wake From dream of home - - - ly

CHORUS. *dim.* *ppp*

pour a-gain (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju-ly.

*p*

du - ty To find her day - light break With such ex - ceed - - ing beau - ty!

**B**

Did ev - er maid - en close Her eyes on wak - ing sad - ness,

**B**

To dream of such \_\_\_\_\_ ex - ceed - ing glad - ness!

FRED. **C**

Ah, yes! ah, yes — this is ex - ceed - ing glad - ness.

CHORUS

**C**

How

*f*

(FREDERIC and MABEL turn and see that the girls are listening;  
detected, they continue their chatter, forte.)

beau-ti-ful-ly blue the sky, The glass is ris-ing ve-ry high, Continue fine I hope it may, And yet it rained but

*p*

yes-ter-day; To-mor-row it may pour a-gain. (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I know not why, That

we shall have a warm Ju-ly. To-mor-row it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain), Yet people say, I

*D*

(During this the girls continue their chatter, pianissimo, as before,  
but listening intently all the time.)

FRED.

Did ev - er pi - rate

*dim.* *pp*

know not why, That we shall have a warm July. To-mor-row it may pour again (I hear the country wants some rain).

*p*

roll his soul in guilt - ty dream-ing. And wake to find that soul With

**CHORUS**

peace and vir - tue beam-ing! How beau - ti-ful-ly blue the sky, The glass is ris-ing

**E**

*f*

ve-ry high, Con - tin-ue fine I hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes-ter-day; Con - tin-ue fine I

**MABEL.** **F**

Did ev - er maid - en wake From

**FRED.**

Did ev - er pi - rate loathed For

hope it may, And yet it rain'd but yes-ter-day. How beau - ti-ful-ly blue the sky, The glass is ris-ing

**F**

*p*

dream of home - - - ly du - ty To find her  
 sake his hi - - - deous mis - sion To find him -  
 ver - y high, Con - tin - ue fine I hope it may, And yet 'it rain'd but yes - ter - day; To - mor - row it may  
 day - light break With such - ex - ceed - - ing beau - ty! Ah,  
 self be - trothed to la - dy of po - si - tion! Ah,  
 pour a - gain (I hear the country wants some rain) Yet people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, Yet  
 yes! Ah yes, ah yes!  
 yes! Ah yes, ah yes!  
 people say, I know not why, That we shall have a warm Ju - ly, a warm Ju - ly.

*molto*  
*ff*

## Frederic, &amp; Chorus of Girls &amp; Pirates.

## No 11.

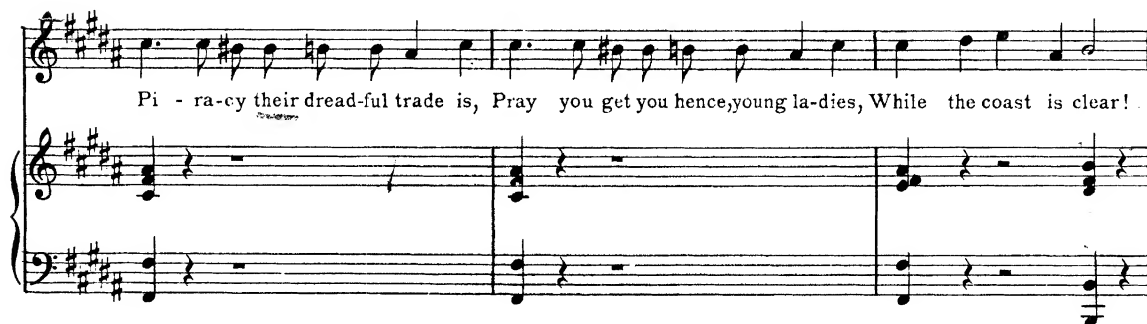
FRED.



Stay, we must not lose our senses, Men who stick at no of-fen-ces Will a-non be here!

Allegretto.

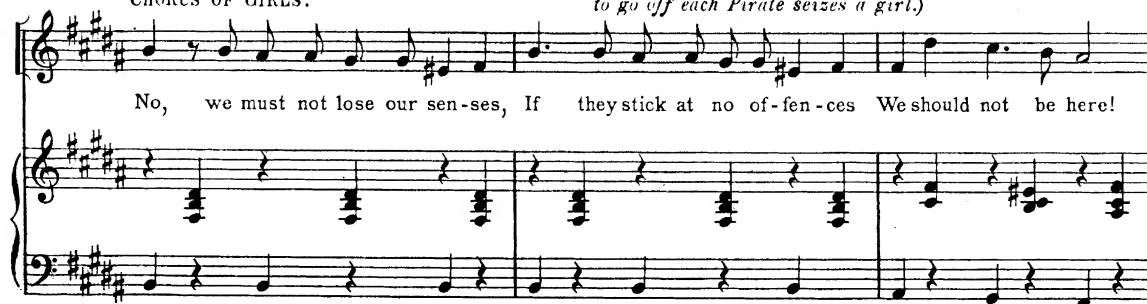
PIANO.



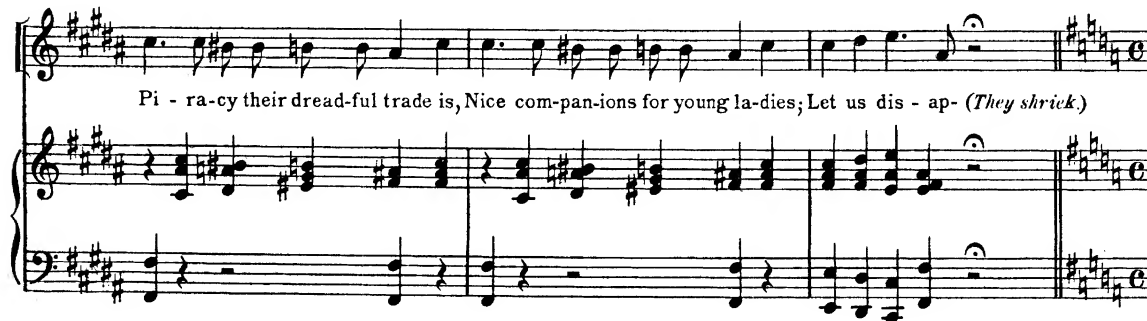
Pi - ra-cy their dread-ful trade is, Pray you get you hence, young la-dies, While the coast is clear!

(Bring this Chorus the Pirates enter stealthily from R. U. E., and form in a semicircle behind the girls. As the girls move to go off each Pirate seizes a girl.)

CHORUS OF GIRLS.



No, we must not lose our sen-ses, If they stick at no of-fen-ces We should not be here!



Pi - ra-cy their dread-ful trade is, Nice com-pan-ions for young la-dies; Let us dis - ap- (They shriek.)



## PIRATES.

GIRLS.

GIRLS. PIRATES.

Vivace.

Too late! Ha, ha! Too late! Ho, ho, ha! ha! ha! ho, ho, ho, ho!

## CHORUS

Now here's a first-rate op-por-tu-ni-ty To get mar-ried with im-

pu-ni-ty, And in-dulge in the fe-li-ci-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes-ti-ci-ty! You shall

quick-ly be par-son-i-fied, Con-ju-gal-ly ma-tri-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di-

GIRLS

vi-ni-ty, Who is lo-ca-ted in this vi-ci-ni-ty. We have missed our op-por-tu-ni-ty Of es-

ca - ping with im - pu - ri - ty, So fare-well to the fe - li - ci - ty Of our maid - en do - mes -

ti-ci-ty! We shall quick - ly be par-son-i-fied, Con-ju-gal-ly ma-tri-mon-i-fied, By a doc-tor of di -

vi-ni-ty Who is lo - ca-ted in this vi-ci-ni-ty, By a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi -

PIRATES

By a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi -

ci-ni-ty, By a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, of di - vi - ni - ty.

ci-ni-ty, By a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, of di - vi - ni - ty.

*Attacca.*

# RECITATIVE— Mabel, Major-General, Samuel, & Chorus.

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## No 12.

MABEL.

(The Major-General has entered unnoticed on rock L. U. E.)

*a tempo*  
SAMUEL.

Hold, Monsters! { Ere your pirate cara- } { Just bear in mind that we }  
vansera! proceeds a- wed us all, { are wards in Chancery, and } General! We'd  
gainst our will to { father is a Major- }

PIANO. *fp* *a tempo*

Moderato.

GIRLS.

bet-ter pause, or dan-gers may be-fall; Their fa-ther is a Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! Yes, yes, he is a Ma-jor-

*p*

MAJOR GENERAL

SAMUEL.

CHORUS.

Ge-ne-ral! Yes, yes, I am a Ma-jor - Ge-ne-ral! For he is a Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral! He is! Hur-

*p* *f*

MAJOR-GENERAL.

rah for the Ma - jor-Ge-ne-ral! And it is, it is a glo-rious thing To be a Ma-jor -

*p*

PIRATES.

Ge-ne-ral! It is! Hur-rah for the Ma - jor-Ge-ne-ral! Hur-rah for the Ma - jor - Ge-ne-ral!

*f*

GENERAL. Yes, I am Major-General!

GENERAL. And it is a glorious thing to be a Major-General!

ALL. You are! Hurrah for the Major-General!

ALL. It is! Hurrah for the Major-General!

## No 13. SONG—Major-General &amp; Chorus.

Allegro vivace.

PIANO. *ff*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 2/4 time, marked 'Allegro vivace'. It features a right-hand melody with eighth-note patterns and a left-hand accompaniment of eighth notes. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

MAJOR-GENERAL

1. I am the ver - y pat - tern of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral; I've  
2. I know our my - thic his - to - ry, King Ar - thur's and Sir Ca - ro - doc's, I

*pp*

The vocal part begins with a repeat sign and a key signature change to B-flat major. The melody is simple and rhythmic, corresponding to the lyrics. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand, marked 'pp'.

in - for - ma - tion ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral: I know the kings of Eng - land, and I  
an - swer hard a - cros - tics, I've a pret - ty taste for Pa - ra - dox: I quote, in E - le - gi - acs, all the

The vocal part continues with the same melody and key signature. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous section, providing harmonic support for the lyrics.

quote the fights his-to-ri-cal, From Ma-ra-thon to Wa-ter-loo, in or-der ca-te-go-ri-cal. I'm crimes of He-lia-ga-ba-lus! In co-nics I can floor pe-cu-li-a-ri-ties pa-ra-bo-lous. I can

ver-y well ac-quant-ed, too, with mat-ters ma-the-ma-ti-cal; I un-der-stand e-qua-tions, both the tell un-doubt-ed Ra-pha-els from Ge-rard Dows and Zoff-an-ies, I know the croak-ing cho-rus from the

sim-ple and quad-ra-ti-cal: A-bout bi-no-mial The-o-rem I'm teem-ing with a lot of news, "Frogs of A-ris-to-pha-nes!" Then I can hum a fugue, of which I've heard the mu-sic's din a-fore,

(Dialogue.)

1. With ma-n-y cheer-ful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-then-use;  
2. And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal non-sense, Pin-a-fore!

## CHORUS

With ma-ny cheerful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-then-use, With ma-ny cheer-ful facts a-bout the  
And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal nonsense *Pina-fore*, And whis-tle all the airs from that in-

With ma-ny cheerful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-then-use, With ma-ny cheer-ful facts a-bout the  
And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal nonsense *Pina-fore*, And whis-tle all the airs from that in-

square of the hy-pothenuse, With ma-ny cheerful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-then-po-then-use.  
fer-nal nonsense *Pinafore*, And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal nonsense *Pina-pin-a-fore*.

square of the hy-pothenuse, With ma-ny cheerful facts a-bout the square of the hy-po-then-po-then-use.  
fer-nal nonsense *Pinafore*, And whis-tle all the airs from that in-fer-nal nonsense *Pina-pin-a-fore*.

## MAJOR-GENERAL

I'm ver-y good at in-teg-ral and dif-fer-en-tial cal-cu-lus; I know the sci-en-ti-fic names of.  
Then I can write a washing bill in Ba-by-lon-ic cu-neiform, And tell you ev'ry detail of Ca-

be-ings a - ni - mal - cu - lous. But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, I  
rac - ta - cus - 's u - ni - form. In short, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble, a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, I.

am the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral. But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,  
But still, in mat - ters ve - ge - ta - ble,

CHORUS

a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.  
a - ni - mal, and mi - ne - ral, He is the ver - y mod - el of a mod - ern Ma - jor - Ge - ne - ral.

Slower.

3. In fact, when I know what is meant by "ma - me - lon" and "ra - ve - lin," When

*pp*

I can tell at sight a chasse-pot ri-fle from a ja-ve-lin; When such af-fairs as sor-ties and sur-

pri-ses I'm more wa-ry at; And when I know pre-cise-ly what is meant by com-mis-sa-ri-at; When

I have learnt what progress has been made in modern gun-ne-ry; When I know more of tac-tics than a

no-vice in a nun-ne-ry; In short, when I've a smat-ter-ing of e-le-men-tal stra-te-gy— You'll

*a tempo*  
*Vivace.*

*a tempo*



## CHORUS

say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a gee; You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne -  
 You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne -

ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll  
 ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a gee, You'll

say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a, sat a gee. For my  
 say a bet-ter Ma-jor-Ge-ne - ral has nev-er sat a, sat a gee.

mi-li-ta-ry know-ledge, tho' I'm pluck-y and ad-ven-tu-ry, Has on-ly been brought down to the be -

gin-ning of the cen-tu-ry, But still, in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble, a -ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, I

CHORUS

I am the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral. But still, in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble, *f*

But still, in mat-ters ve-ge-ta-ble, *f*

a - ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, He is the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral.

a - ni-mal, and mi-ne-ral, He is the ver-y mod-el of a mod-ern Ma-jor-Ge-ne-ral. *ff*

GENERAL. And now that I've introduced myself, I should like to have some idea of what's going on.

KATE. Oh, papa! we—

SAMUEL. Permit me; I'll explain it in two words: we propose to marry your daughters.

GENERAL. Dear me!

GIRLS. Against our wills, papa— against our wills!

GENERAL. Oh, but you mustn't do that. May I ask— this is a picturesque uniform, but I'm not familiar with it— what are you?

KING. We are all single gentlemen.

GENERAL. Yes, I gathered that. Anything else?

KING. No, nothing else.

EDITH. Papa, don't believe them. They are pirates— the famous Pirates of Penzance!

GENERAL. The Pirates of Penzance? I have often heard of them.

MABEL. Yes, all except this gentleman (*indicating FREDERIC*), who was a pirate once, but who is out of his indentures to-day.

GENERAL. But wait a bit. I object to pirates as sons-in-law.

KING. We object to major-generals as fathers-in-law. But we waive that point; we do not press it, we look over it.

GENERAL. (*Aside*) Hah! an idea! (*Aloud*.) And do you mean to say that you would deliberately rob me of these the sole remaining props of my old age, and leave me to go thru the remainder of life unfriended, unprotected, and alone?

KING. Well, yes; that's the idea.

GENERAL. Tell me, have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

ALL THE PIRATES. (*Disgusted*.) Oh, dash it all!

KING. Here we are again!

GENERAL. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan?

KING. (*Sighing*.) Often.

GENERAL. Yes, orphan. Have you ever known what it is to be one?

KING. I say, often.

ALL. (*Disgusted*.) Often! often! often! (*Turning away*.)

GENERAL. I don't think we quite understand one another. I ask you, Have you ever known what it is to be an orphan? and you say "Orphan." As I understand you, you are merely repeating the word "orphan" to show that you understand me.

KING. I didn't repeat the word "often."

GENERAL. Pardon me; you did indeed.

KING. I only repeated it once.

GENERAL. True, but you repeated it.

KING. But not often.

GENERAL. Stop! I think I see where we are getting confused. When you said "orphan" did you mean "orphan," a person who has lost his parents, or "often," frequently.

KING. Oh, I beg your pardon! I see you mean frequently.

GENERAL. Ah, you said "often" frequently.

KING. No, only once.

GENERAL. Exactly, you said "often, frequently," only once.

## Finale — Act I.

Mabel, Kate, Edith, Frederic, Samuel, King, Major-General, Ruth, & Chorus.

*Recit.* MAJOR-GENERAL

Moderato. Oh, men of dark and dis-mal fate, Fore-

PIANO. *f*

*a tempo*

go your cru-el em-ploy; Have pi-ty on my lone-ly state, I am an or-phan.

*p*

SAMUEL & KING. MAJOR-GENERAL. SAMUEL & KING. MAJOR-GEN.

boy! An or-phan boy? An or-phan boy! How sad, an or-phan boy! These

CHORUS OF PIRATES

How sad, an or-phan boy!

Andante moderato. CHORUS OF PIR. MAJOR-GENERAL.

chil-dren whom you see are all that I can call my own. Poor fel-low! Take them a-way from me, and I shall

PIRATES. MAJOR-GENERAL.

be in-deed a-lone! Poor fel-low! If pi-ty you can feel, leave me my sole re-main-ing joy! See,

PIRATES.

at your feet they kneel! Your hearts you cannot steal A- gainst the sad, sad tale of the lone-ly or-phan boy! Poor

*mf* *dim.* *p*

## SAMUEL, KING, &amp; CHORUS OF PIRATES.

A

fel-low! See, at our feet they kneel! Our hearts we can-not steel A-gainst the sad,sad tale of the

SAMUEL.

SAMUEL &amp; KING.

lone-ly or phan boy! The or - phan boy! The or - phan boy! See, at our feet they kneel! Our

hearts we can-not steel A - gainst the tale of the lone-ly or - phan boy.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Allegro vivace.

I'm tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry, But it does - n't di-min-ish my glo - ry; For

they would have taken my daughters O-ver the bil-low-y wa - ters, If I had-n't in e-le-gant dic-tion In-

dulged in an in-no-cent fic-tion, Which is not in the same ca-te - go - ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble

**B MABEL.** *pp*  
He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry Which will tend to di-min-ish his glo - ry; Though  
**EDITH & KATE.** *pp*  
He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry Which will tend to di-min-ish his glo - ry; Though  
**FRED.** *pp*

**SAM.** *pp*  
If hes tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry He shall die by a death that is go - ry; Yes,

**KING.** *pp*  
If hes tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry He shall die by a death that is go - ry; Yes,

**GENERAL.**  
If hes tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry He shall die by a death that is go - ry; Yes,

sto - ry.  
**CHORUS SOPRANOS.** *pp*

He is tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry Which will tend to di-min-ish his glo - ry; Though  
**TENORS & BASSES.** *pp*

If hes tell-ing a ter-ri-ble sto - ry He shall die by a death that is go - ry; Yes,

**B**

they would have ta-ken his daugh - ters O-ver the bil - low - y wa - ters. It is  
 they would have ta-ken his daugh - ters O-ver the bil - low - y wa - ters. It is  
 one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters. It is  
 one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters. It is  
 one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters. It is

they would have ta-ken his daugh - ters O-ver the bil - low - y wa - ters. It is  
 one of the cru - el - lest slaugh - ters That ev - er were known in these wa - ters. It is

ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -  
 ea-sy, in e - le - gant dic - tion, To call it an in - no - cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te -

go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To  
 go-ry As tell-ing a re-gu-lar ter-ri-ble sto - ry. It's ea-sy, in e - le-gant dic - tion, To

call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a  
 call it an in-no-cent fic - tion, But it comes in the same ca - te - go-ry As tell-ing a



re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

re - gu-lar sto - ry.

*fz* *ff*

Moderato. KING.

Al - though our dark ca - reer some-times in - volves the crime of steal-ing, We

*p*

rath - er think that we're not al-to-gether void of feel-ing; Al-though we live by strife we're al-ways

sor - ry to be - gin it: For what, we ask, is life, with-out a touch of poetry in it?

CHORUS. MABEL & EDITH with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP.  
SOPRANOS. KATE with 2<sup>d</sup> SOP.

Hail, po - et - ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est  
 TENORS & FRED with SAM with 1<sup>st</sup> BASS.  
 BASSES. & TENOR.  
 KING & MAJOR-GEN. with 2<sup>d</sup> BASS.  
 Hail, po - et - ry, thou heav'n - born maid! Thou gild - est

*ff* (Voices only.)

e'en the Pi - rate's trade. Hail, flow - ing fount of sen - ti -  
 e'en the Pi - rate's trade. Hail, flow - ing fount of sen - ti -

ment, all hail! All hail! di - vine e - mol - li - ent.  
 ment, all hail! All hail! di - vine e - mol - li - ent.

**E** *Recit. KING.*

You may go, for you're at li-ber-ty; Our pri-vate rules pro-

**E**  
(Orchestra.)  
*p*

tect you: And hon-or-a-ry mem-bers of our band we do e-lect

**Allegro non troppo. SAM.**

For he is an or-phan boy!

**MAJOR-GENERAL**

And it some times is a

you.

**CHORUS. SOPRANOS.** *f*

He is! Hur-rah for the or-phan boy!

**TENORS & BASSES.** *f*

He is! Hur-rah for the or-phan boy!

**Allegro non troppo.**

*p* *f* *p*

use-ful thing to be an or-phan boy.

It is! Hur rah for the or phan boy! Hur-rah for the or-phan.

It is! Hur rah for the or phan boy! Hur-rah for the or-phan.

**F** MABEL.  
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a-way and mar - ried be!

EDITH & KATE.  
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a-way and mar - ried be!

FRED.  
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee We will a-way and mar - ried be!

SAM.  
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a-way and mar - ried be!

KING.  
Oh, hap - py day, with joy - ous glee They will a-way and mar - ried be!

MAJOR-GENERAL.  
They will a-way and mar - ried be!

boy! Oh, hap - py

boy! Oh, hap - py

Should it be-fall au-pi-cious -

Should it be-fall au-pi-cious -

Should it be-fall au-pi-cious -

Should it be-fall au-pi-cious -

Should it be-fall au-pi-cious -

day with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be!

day with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be!

*p*

lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maids be.

lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maids be.

lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maids be.

lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maids be.

lee, Her sis-ters all will brides-maids be.

Should it be-fall au-spi-cious - lee, Her sis-ters

Should it be-fall au-spi-cious - lee, Her sis-ters

*f*

**G**

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee We will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee We will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

all will brides-maids be. Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

all will brides-maids be. Oh, hap-py day, with joy-ous glee They will a-way and mar-ried be. Should it be -

**G**

fal au-spi-cious-lee, My sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! My sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ter

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters all will bridesmaids be! Her sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

fal au-spi-cious-lee, Should it be-fal au-spi-cious-lee, Her sis-ters

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

all will brides-maids be. \_\_\_\_\_

*Recit. RUTH.*

Allegro agitato.

Oh, mas-ter, hear one word, I do implore you!

CHORUS OF PIRATES

Re-mem-ber Ruth, your Ruth, who kneels be-fore you! Yes, Yes, re-mem-ber

*H a tempo*

FRED.

CHORUS OF PIRATES.

Ruth, who kneels be - fore you. A - way, you did de - ceive me. A - way, you did de -

RUTH.

PIRATES.

FRED.

PIRATES.

ceive him. Oh, do not leave me. Oh, do not leave her. A - way, you grieve me. A - way, you grieve him.

FRED

PIRATES.

I wish you'd leave me. We wish you'd leave him.

FRED, SAMUEL, KING, MAJOR-GENERAL &amp; PIRATES.

**J** Allegro risoluto.  
Pray ob-serve the mag-na-ni-mi-ty We dis-

play to lace and di-mi-ty! Nev-er was such op-por-tu-ni-ty To get mar-ried with im - pu-ni-ty! But we



give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes - ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di - vi-ni-ty Who is lo -

MABEL, EDITH, KATE, & GIRLS.

ca-ted in this vi - ci-ni-ty! Pray ob-serve the mag-ni-ni-mi - ty They dis-play to lace and di-mi - ty! Nev-er

was such op-por-tu-ni-ty To get married with im - pu-ni-ty! But they give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-

bounded domes-ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di-vi-ni-ty, Who is lo - cated in this vi - ci-ni-ty. But they  
MEN with PIRATES, as before.

give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes - ti-ci-ty, But they give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-  
give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-bound-ed do-mes - ti-ci-ty, But we give up the fe - li-ci-ty Of un-

*p*

MABEL with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP.  
EDITH & KATE with 2<sup>d</sup> SOP.

bound-ed do-mes - ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a

bound-ed do-mes - ti-ci-ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a doc-tor of di - vi - ni - ty, a

*cresc.* - - - - *al* - -

MABEL (top notes only).  
EDITH with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP.

doc - - - - tor, a - doc - - - -

doc - - - - tor, a doc - - - -

*M* *ff*

MABEL & EDITH with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP., KATE with 2<sup>d</sup>.

tor of di - vi - - - ni - - ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di -

tor of di - vi - - - ni - - ty, Thro' a doc-tor of di -

vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi - ci-ni-ty, Thro' a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di - vi-ni-ty,

vi-ni-ty Who re-sides in this vi - ci-ni-ty, Thro' a doc-tor, a doc-tor, a doc-tor of di - vi-ni-ty,

of di - vi-ni-ty.

of di - vi-ni-ty.

*Tempo primo.*

*ff*

(GIRLS and GENERAL go up rocks L. Group while Pirates indulge in a wild dance of delight on stage R. and R. C. The GENERAL produces a British flag, and the PIRATE KING (on arched rock R. C.) produces a black flag with skull and crossbones. Picture.)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE.— *A ruined chapel by moonlight. Aisles C, R. and L, GENERAL STANLEY discovered seated R.C. pensively, surrounded by pillars and arches; ruined Gothic windows at back. ed by his daughters.*

**No 1. INTRODUCTION. SOLO — Mabel & Chorus.**

**PIANO.** *Allegro con tenerezza.*

*p* *p dolce* *tr* *A* *p* *mf* *dim.*

**CHORUS OF GIRLS.**

**B** Oh, dry the glis-*ting* tear That dews that mar-*tial* cheek!— Thy lov-*ing* chil-dren

**B**

*p*

*unis*

hear, In them thy com - fort seek. With sym - pa - the - tic care Their arms a - round thee

*unis* **C** SOLO. MABEL.

creep; — For oh, they can-not bear To see their fa - ther weep! Dear

*p dolce*

fa-ther, why leave your bed At this un-time - ly hour? When hap - py day-light is dead, And

dark - some dan - gers lower! See, heav'n has lit her lamp, The mid-night hour is past,

And the chil - ly night air is damp, The dew is fall - ing fast. Dear fa - ther, why leave your

bed When hap - py day - light is dead. Oh, dry the glist'ning tear That dews that

**CHORUS OF GIRLS.**

*f* *dim.* *p*

mar - tial cheek! — Thy lov - ing chil - dren hear, In them thy com - fort seek! With

*Red.* *\* unis*

sym - pa - the - tic care Their arms a - round thee — creep; For oh, they can - not bear To see their

*unis*

fa - ther weep! —

*mf* *pp*

*Red.* *\* Red \**

(FRED enters R. U. E. and down C.)

MABEL. Oh, Frederic, cannot you reconcile it with your conscience to say something that will relieve my father's sorrow?

FRED. I will try, dear Mabel, but why does he sit, night after night, in this draughty old ruin?

GENERAL. Why do I sit here? To escape from the pirates' clutches I described myself as an orphan, and I am no orphan. I came here to humble myself before the tombs of my ancestors, and to implore their pardon for the disgrace I have brought upon them.

FRED. But you forget, sir. You only bought the property a year ago, and the stucco on your baronial castle is scarcely dry.

GENERAL. Frederic, in this chapel are ancestors; you cannot deny that. I don't know whose ancestors they *were*, but I know whose ancestors they *are*, and I shudder to think that their descendant by purchase (if I may so describe myself)

should have brought disgrace upon what I have no doubt was an unstained escutcheon.

FRED. Be comforted. Had you not acted as you did, these reckless men would assuredly have called in the nearest clergyman, and have married your large family on the spot.

GENERAL. I thank you for your proffered solace, but it is unavailing. At what time does your expedition march against these scoundrels?

FRED. At eleven, and before midnight I hope to have atoned for my involuntary association with these pestilent scourges by sweeping them from the face of the earth. And then, my Mabel, you will be mine!

GENERAL. Are your devoted followers at hand?

FRED. They are; they only wait my orders.

(Enter Police, marching in single file from L., 2<sup>d</sup> E., and file in line, facing audience.)

## RECITATIVE— Frederic & Major-General.

### NO 2.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Now Fred-er-ic, let your es-cort li-on-heart-ed Be summon'd to re-cieve a gen'ral's bless-ing

PIANO. *f*

FRED.

Ere they de-part up-on their dread ad-ven-ture. Dear sir, they

## CHORUS— With Solos for Mabel, Edith, &amp; Sergeant.

N<sup>o</sup> 3.

come!

Allegro marziale.

PIANO. *p* *f* *p* *f* *p* *f*

A *f*

SERGEANT.

When the foe-man bares his steel We un-com-fort-a-ble feel!

CHORUS OF POLICE.

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-

*dim.* *p*

And we find the wis-est thing Is to slap our chests and sing Ta-ran-ta-

ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-



ra! For when threat-en'd with e-meutes, And your heart is in your boots,

ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-

The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff plays a series of chords, while the bass staff plays a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes.

There is no-thing brings it round Like the trumpet's mar-tial sound, Like the trum-pet's mar - tial.

ra,

The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern in the bass staff and chords in the treble staff.

**B** *pp*  
sound, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

**B** *p*

The piano accompaniment for this system includes a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a *p* (piano) dynamic marking. The bass staff continues the rhythmic pattern.

ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

MABEL.

Go, — ye he - roes, go to glo-ry, Though ye die in com-bat go - ry! Ye — shall live in

song — and sto - ry, Go — to im-mor-ta-li - ty. Go to death, — and go to slaughter;

Die, and ev-ry Cornish daughter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter! Go, ye he-ros, go and

die! **EDITH.**

Go, ye he-ros, go and die! Go, ye he-ros, go and die!

**CHORUS OF GIRLS.**

Go, ye he-ros, go and die! Go, ye he-ros, go and die!

**SERGEANT.**

Tho' to us it's e - vi - dent

**KATE with 2d SOPRANO.**

**CHORUS OF POLICE.**

Ta-ran - ta -

These at - ten-tions are well meant! Such ex pres sions dont appear

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, Ta-ran-ta-

Cal-cu - la-ted men to cheer Who are going to meet their fate In a

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra,

high-ly nervous state; Still to us it's e-vi-dent These at-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,

ten-tions are well meant!

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra.

Go — and do your best — en-deav-or, And — be-fore all links we sev-er,

We — will say fare-well for ev-er. Go to glo-ry and the grave!

*cresc.*

## CHORUS OF GIRLS.

Go to glo - ry and the grave! For your foes are fierce and ruth - less, False, un -

mer - ci - ful, and truth - less, Young and ten - der, old and tooth - less, All in vain their mer - cy crave!

## SOLO. SERGEANT.

We ob - serve too great a stress On the risks that on us press, And of

re - fer - ence, a - lack, To our chance of com - ing back; Still, per - haps it would be wise Not to

carp or cri - ti - cise, For it's ver - y e - vi - dent These at - ten - tions are well meant. Yes, it's POLICE.

ver - y e - vi - dent E - vi - dent, e - vi - dent, Ah, yes, well  
These at - ten - tions are well meant, yes, well meant; Ah, yes, well

**G** MABEL. *p* Go, ——— ye he - roes, go ——— to glo - ry!

EDITH. *p* Go, ——— ye he - roes, go ——— to glo - ry!

CHORUS OF GIRLS. *p*

SERGEANT, CHO. OF POLICE. *p* *unis* Go, ye he - roes, meant! When the foe - man bares his steel, Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!

**G**

Though ye die in com - bat go - ry, Ye shall live in

Though ye die in com - bat go - ry, Ye shall live in

go to go - ry! Ye shall,

com - for - ta - ble feel Ta - ran - ta - ra! And we find the wis - est thing, Ta - ran - ta -

song and sto - ry, Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty! Go to

song and sto - ry, Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty! Go to

ye shall live in sto - ry, Go to

ra, ta - ran - ta - ra! Is to slap our chests and sing, Ta - ran - ta - ra! For when

death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish

death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish

death, and go to slaugh - ter; Die, and ev - 'ry Cor - nish

threat end with emeutes Ta ran ta ra ta ran ta ra And your heart is in your boots, Ta - ran - ta -

daugh ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter! Go, ye he-ros, go and

daugh ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter! Go, ye he-ros, go and

daugh ter With her tears your grave shall wa - - ter! Go, ye he-ros, go and

ra! There is no - thing brings it round Like the trum-pet's mar-tial sound, Like the trum-pet's martial

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye

die! Go, ye he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Go, ye

SERGEANT & TENORS Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta -

sound! Ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go-ry, Ye shall

he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go-ry, Ye shall

he - roes, go to im-mor-ta - li-ty! Tho' ye die in com-bat go-ry, Ye shall

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta -

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran - ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,



live in song and sto-ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty!

live in song and sto-ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty!

live in song and sto-ry; Go to im - mor - ta - li - ty!

ra, ra, ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra! Yes, yes, we

MAJOR GENERAL  
A-way, a-way!

*cresc.*  
go! Ta-ran-ta-ra! Ta-ran-ta-ra! All right, we

These pi-rates slay! Then do not stay! Then why this de-lay!

*cresc.*

MABEL. *ff* Yes, for-ward on the foe,

EDITH. *ff* Yes, for-ward on the foe,

CHORUS OF GIRLS. *ff* Yes, for-ward on the foe,

SERGEANT. *ff* Yes, for-ward on the foe,

go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe,

CHO. OF POLICE. *ff* go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe, MAJOR GENERAL

Yes, but you don't go!

*p*

They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the foe!

They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the foe!

They go, they go! Yes, for-ward on the foe!

We go, we go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe!

We go, we go! Yes, for-ward on the foe, Yes, for-ward on the foe!

Yes, but you don't go!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real-ly go!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real-ly, real-ly go!

At last they go, at last they go, at last they go! At last they real-ly, real-ly go!

We go, we go, we go, we go! We go, we go, we go, we go!

We go, we go, we go, we go! We go, we go, we go, we go!

At last they go, at last they go! At last they real-ly, real-ly go!

(MABEL tears herself from FRED, and exits R., followed by her sisters, consoling her. The GENERAL and others follow the police off L. FREDERIC remains alone.)

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NO 4.

RECITATIVE & TRIO.

*Recit. FRED.*

Now for the Pi-rate's lair! Oh, joy un-bound-ed! Oh, sweet re-lief! Oh, rapture unex-

*Maestoso.*

PIANO. *f* *ff*

am-pled! At last I may a - tone in some slight measure For the repeat-ed acts of theft and pil-lage, Which, at a

*Moderato. KING.*

sense of du-ty's stern dic-tation, I, cir-cum-stan-ce's vic-tim, have been guilt - y! Young

*RUTH.*

And I, your lit-tle Ruth!

*FRED.*

Who calls? Oh, mad in-tru-ders! How dare you

Fred'ric! Your late com-man-der!

(KING and RUTH hold a pistol to each ear.)

KING.

face me! Know ye not, oh, rash ones, That I have doomed you to ex-ter-mi-na-tion? Have

FRED.

mer-cy on us; Hear us ere you slaughter! I do not

think I ought to lis-ten to you; Yet mer-cy should al-lay our sure re-sent-ment, And

so, I will be mer-ci-ful, Say on!

Allegro grazioso,

PIANO.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time, marked *f* (forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

RUTH. **A**

1. When you had left our pi-rate fold, We tried to raise our spirits faint Ac-cord-ing to our cus-tom old, With

KING.

2. knew your taste for curious quips, For cranks and con-tra-dic-tions queer; And with the laughter on our lips, We

**A**

Piano accompaniment for Ruth's first line, marked *p* (piano). The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

quip and quib-ble quaint; But all in vain the quips we heard, We lay and sobb'd up - on the rocks, Un-

wish'd you there to hear. We said, "If we could tell it him, How Fred-ric would the joke en-joy." And

Piano accompaniment for Ruth's second line. The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

FRED.

RUTH.

til to some-bo-dy oc-curr'd A startling pa-ra-dox. 1. A pa-ra-dox? A pa-ra - dox, a most in -

2. That pa-ra-dox?

so we've risk'd both life and limb, To tell it to our boy.

A pa-ra - dox, a most in -

Piano accompaniment for Fred and Ruth's final line, marked *p* (piano). The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand.

ge-nious pa-ra-dox! We've quips and quib-les heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa-ra-dox!

ge-nious pa-ra-dox! We've quips and quib-les heard in flocks, But none to beat this pa-ra-dox!

1-2 Verse *p* A pa-ra-dox, a pa-ra-dox, a most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

FRED. 1-2 Verse *p* A pa-ra-dox, a pa-ra-dox, a most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

1-2 Verse *p* A pa-ra-dox, a pa-ra-dox, a most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

*p* A pa-ra-dox, a pa-ra-dox, a most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, this

pa - ra - dox.

pa - ra - dox.

pa - ra - dox.

We

## C KING.

For some ridiculous reason, to which, however, I've no desire to be dis-loyal, Some person in authority—I don't know who—very likely the Astronomer Royal, Has decided that, although for such a beastly month as February, twenty-eight days as a rule are plenty: One year in every four his days shall be reckoned as nine and

twenty. Through some singular coincidence I shouldn't be surprised if it were owing to the agency of an ill-natured fairy, You are the victim of this clumsy arrangement, having been born in leap year on the twenty-ninth of February. And so, by a simple arithmetical process you'll easily discover That tho' you've lived twenty-one years, yet, if we go by birthdays, you're only five and a little bit

## D RUTH.

## FRED.

*a tempo* Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho! Dear me, let's see! o-ver! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho, ho!

*f* *dim.* *p*

## RUTH.

Yes! yes! with yours my figures do a - gree! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

## KING.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

**E** **FRED.**

How quaint the ways of Pa-ra-dox! At com-mon sense she gai-ly mocks. Tho'

*dim.* *p*

count-ing in the u-sual way, Years twen-ty-one I've been a-live, Yet, reck'ning by my na-tal day, Yet,

*rall.* *rall.*

reck'ning by my na-tal day, I am a lit-tle boy of five! He is a KING

**F** *a tempo* *f* *a tempo* *f*

He is a

lit-tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

**FRED.** *p* *p*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

lit-tle boy of five! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

*dim.* *p*



pa-ra-dox, that pa-ra-dox, That most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -

pa-ra-dox, that pa-ra-dox, That most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -

pa-ra-dox, that pa-ra-dox, That most in-ge-nious pa-ra-dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That pa - ra -

**G** *f* dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu-rious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That

*f* dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu-rious pa - ra - dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That

*f* dox, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That cu-rious pa - ra - dox Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! That

most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox.

most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox.

most in - ge - nious pa - ra - dox.

*ff* *ff* *ff*

(All throw themselves back on seats, exhausted with laughing.)

FRED. Upon my word, this is most curious,  
Most absurdly whimsical. Five and a quarter!  
No one would think it to look at me.

RUTH. You are glad now, I'll be bound, that you spared us.  
You would never have forgiven yourself when you discovered  
that you had killed two of your comrades.

FRED. My comrades?

KING. I'm afraid you don't appreciate the delicacy of your  
position. You were apprenticed to us—

FRED. Until I reached my twenty-first year.

KING. No, until you reached your twenty-first birthday  
(producing document), and, going by birthdays, you are as yet  
only five and a quarter.

FRED. You don't mean to say you are going to hold me to  
that?

KING. No, we merely remind you of the fact, and leave the  
rest to your sense of duty.

FRED. (Wildly.) Don't put it on that footing. As I was  
merciful to you just now, be merciful to me. I implore you not  
to insist on the letter of your bond just as the cup of happiness  
is at my lips.

RUTH. We insist on nothing. We content ourselves with  
pointing out to you your duty.

FRED. Well, you have appealed to my sense of duty, and my  
duty is only too clear. I abhor your infamous calling, I shudder

at the thought that I have ever been mixed up with it, but duty  
is before all. At any cost, I will do my duty.

KING. Bravely spoken! Come, you are one of us once more.

FRED. Lead on, I follow! (Suddenly.) Oh, horror!

KING and RUTH. What is the matter?

FRED. Ought I to tell you? No! no! I cannot do it; and  
yet, as one of your band—

KING. Speak out, I charge you, by that sense of conscien-  
tiousness to which we have never yet appealed in vain.

FRED. General Stanley, the father of my Mabel—

KING and RUTH. Yes! yes!

FRED. He escaped from you on the plea that he was an  
orphan?

KING. He did.

FRED. It breaks my heart to betray the honored father of  
the girl I adore, but as your apprentice I have no alternative.  
It is my duty to tell you that General Stanley is no orphan.

KING and RUTH. What?

FRED. More than that, he never was one!

KING. Am I to understand that to save his contemptible life  
he dared to practise on our credulous simplicity? (FRED nods  
as he weeps.) Our revenge shall be swift and terrible. We  
will go and collect our band and attack Tremorden Castle  
this very night.

FRED. But—

KING. Not a word! He is doomed!

## NO 6. TRIO— Ruth, Frederic, & King.

Allegro molto. RUTH.

A-way, a - way, — my heart's on fire! — I burn this base deception to re -

KING.

A-way, a - way, — my heart's on fire! — I burn this base deception to re -

Allegro molto.

PIANO.

pay. This ver-y day my vengeance dire Shall glut it-self in gore. A-way, a - way! — FRED.

A-way, a -

pay. This ver-y day — my vengeance dire — Shall glut it-self in gore. A-way, a - way! —

way,— ere I ex - pire!— I find my du - ty hard to do to - day.— My heart is fill'd— with an-guish

dire; It strikes me to the core! A-way, a - way!

With falsehood foul he trick'd us of our brides; Let vengeance

howl, the Pi-rate so de - cides! Our na-tures stern he softened with his lies! And in re-turn to-night the traitor

Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies! Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!—

Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies! Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!—

dies! Yes, yes, to-night the traitor dies!—

*f dim.*

**B**

To-night he dies!— They will wel - ter in

His girls like - wise,

Yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row.

**B**

*mf*

*p*

sor - row, In their natures to cher - ish;

And all the plot

The one soft spot To abuse it shall

*p*  
To - night he dies! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His  
*p*  
To - night he dies! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His  
*p*  
per - ish. To - night he dies! yes, or ear - ly to - mor - row. His  
*pp*  
girls like-wise, they will wel - ter in sor - row; The one soft spot in their na - tures they  
girls like-wise, they will wel - ter in sor - row; The one soft spot in their na - tures they  
girls like-wise, they will wel - ter in sor - row; The one soft spot in their na - tures they  
cher - ish, And all who plot to a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a - way, a -  
cher - ish, And all who plot to a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a - way, a -  
cher - ish, And all who plot to a - buse it shall per - ish! A - way, a - way, — a -

way! To-night the trai - tor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

way! To-night the trai - tor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

way! To-night the trai - tor dies! A-way, a-way! to-night, to-night,

to-night the trai - tor dies! to - night!

to-night the trai - tor dies! to - night!

to-night the trai - tor dies! to - night!

a - way!

a - way!

a - way!

*ff*

RECITATIVE & DUET — Mabel & Frederic.

Nº 7.

*Recit. MABEL.*

All is prepar'd! Your gallant crew await you! My Frederic in tears! It cannot be that lion heart

PIANO. *p* *f*

*a tempo Moderato.*

FRED.

quails at the coming conflict? No, Ma-bel, no! A ter-ri-ble dis-clo-sure has just been made; Ma-bel, my dear-ly

lov'd one! I bound my-self to serve the Pi-rate Cap-tain Un - til I reach'd my one and twentieth

MABEL. FRED.

birth-day! But you are twen-ty-one! I've just dis - cov-er'd that I was born in leap-year, And that

MABEL.

birth-day will not be reach'd by me till nine-teen for-ty! Oh, hor-ri-ble! Ca-tas-tro-phe ap-pall-ing!

*p*

FRED.

And so, fare - well!

MABEL.

No, no! Ah, Fred-ric, hear me!

*ff* *con forza.*

## DUET — Mabel &amp; Frederic.

## No 8.

MABEL.

*Allegro agitato.* Stay, Fred - ric, stay! They have no le - gal claim! No

PIANO. *ff* *f* *p*

shad-ow of a shame Will fall up-on thy name; Stay, Fred-ric, stay!

FRED.

Nay, Ma - bel, nay; To-

*f* *fz*



night I quit these walls! The thought my soul ap-pals; But when stern du-ty calls, I must o-bey!

*p*

**A**

Stay, Fred-'ric stay! They have no claim No shad - ow of a shame Will fall -

Nay, Mabel, nay; But du-ty's name. The thought my soul ap-pals; But when -

**A**

- up-on thy name; Stay, Fred'ric, stay!

- stern du - ty calls, I must o-bey!

*f* *ff*

## Andante.

MABEL.

Ah, leave me not to pine A-lone and de-so-late! No fate seemed fair as mine, No hap - pi-ness so great; And

*pp dolce.*

na-ture, day by day, Has sung in ac-cents clear This joy-ous round-e - lay: He loves thee, he is

here! Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee, he is here! Fal la la la, Fal la!

*rall.*

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

FRED.

Ah, I must leave thee here In end-less night to dream, Where joy is dark and drear, And sor-row all su-preme; When

*p dolce*

na-ture, day by day, will sing in al-tered tone This wea-ry round-e - lay: He loves thee, he is

MABEL.

Fal la la la, Fal la!

*rall.*

gone. Fal la la la, Fal la la la! He loves thee, he is here. Fal la la la, Fal la!

*cresc.* *dim.* *p*

**C** *Recit.*

It seems so long.

In 1940 I of age shall be; I'll then return and claim you, I de-clare it. Swear that till then you will be

**C** *p*

*(aside.)*

Yes, I'll be strong; By all the Stan-leys, dead and gone, I swear it!

true to me!

*fz* *fz*

Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joy-ous laugh-ter; He will be

Allegro vivace. Oh, here is love, and here is truth, And here is food for joy-ous laugh-ter; She will be

*ff* *mf*

faith-ful to his sooth, Till we are wed, and ev-er aft-er! Oh,

faith-ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and ev-er aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is truth,

**D**

here is love, and here is truth, He will be faith-ful to his sooth,

She will be faithful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven

Till we are wed, Yes, e-ven aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is

aft-er, And e-ven aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is

**E** *cresc.* *f*

truth, And here is food for joy-ous laugh-ter; He will be faith-ful to his sooth, Till we are  
 truth, And here is food for joy-ous laugh-ter; She will be faith-ful to her sooth,  
 wed, and e-ven aft-er! He will be faith-ful to his sooth, and  
 She will be faith-ful to her sooth, Till we are wed, and e-ven  
 aft-er, e-ven aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is  
 aft-er, e-ven aft-er! Oh, here is love, and here is truth, Oh, here is

*fp* *cresc.*

love, is love!  
 love, is love!

FRED. Farewell! Adieu!  
 MABEL. The same to you!  
 BOTH. Farewell! Adieu!

(FRED rushes to window and leaps out.)

love, is love!

*f* *ff*

# № 9. RECITATIVE — Mabel, &c. Chorus of Police.

**MABEL**

Yes, I am brave! Oh, fam-i - ly de-scent, How great thy charm, thy sway how ex-cel-lent!

**PIANO.**

*f* *p*

*a tempo Moderato.*

Come, one and all, un-daunt-ed men in blue! Ac-ri-sis now af-fairs are com-ing to!

*a tempo*

(Enter Police from R. I. E., marching in single file.)

**SOLO SERGEANT**

Tho' in bod-y and in mind We are

**CHORUS OF POLICE.**

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,

*cresc. f dim. p*

tim-id-ly in-clin'd, And a - ny-thing but blind To the

Ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,

dan-ger that's behind; Yes, when the dan-ger's near We

Ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra,

man-age to ap-pear As in-sen-si-ble to fear as a-ny-bod-y here, as

Ta-ran-ta-ra!

a-ny-bod-y here! Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ra,

MABEL.

"Death and glory."

ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta - ra! (Dialogue goes on.)

ra, ra, ra, ta-ran - ta - ra, ta-ran - ta-ra, ta-ran - ta - ra!

"old associates?"

"acted nobly?"

## CHORUS OF POLICE.

That is not a pleasant way of } He has acted shamefully! He has acted nobly!  
 putting it! }

"go ye and do yours?"

SERGEANT. "This is perplexing."

"sense of duty."

Very well! We cannot understand it at all!

"we joined the force?"

"Too late now."

{ That makes a difference, of course, but at the same } We should! It is!  
 time, we repeat, we cannot understand it at all! }

Attacca.



MABEL. Sergeant, approach. Young Frederic was to have led you to death and glory.

ALL. That is not a pleasant way of putting it.

MABEL. No matter. He will not so lead you, for he has allied himself once more with his old associates.

ALL. He has acted shamefully!

MABEL. You speak falsely; you know nothing about it. He has acted nobly.

ALL. He has acted nobly!

MABEL. Dearly as I loved him before, his heroic sacrifice to his sense of duty has endeared him to me tenfold; but if it was his duty to constitute himself my foe, it is likewise my duty to regard him in that light. He has done his duty; I will do mine. Goye and do yours. (Exit MABEL R. I. E.)

ALL. Very well.

SERGEANT. This is perplexing.

ALL. We cannot understand it at all.

SERGEANT. Still, if he is actuated by a sense of duty—

ALL. That makes a difference, of course. At the same time we repeat we cannot understand it.

SERGEANT. No matter. Our course is clear; we must do our best to capture these pirates alone. It is most distressing to us to be the agents whereby our erring fellow-creatures are deprived of that liberty which is so dear to all, but we should have thought of that before we joined the force.

ALL. We should.

SERGEANT. It is too late now.

ALL. It is.

## No 10.

## SONG—Sergeant & Chorus.

Allegro moderato.

1 When a fel-on's not en-gaged in his em -  
2 When the en-ter-pris-ing burglar's not a -

PIANO.

ploy-ment,  
bur-gling,

Or ma-tur-ing his fel-on-ious lit-tle plans,  
When the cut-throat is-n't oc-cu-pied in crime,

His ca-pa-ci-ty for in-no-cent en-  
He loves to hear the lit-tle brook a -

his em-ploy-ment,  
not a-bur-gling,

lit-tle plans,  
pied in crime,

joy-ment,  
gurg-ling,

Is just as great as a-n-y hon-est man's.  
And lis-ten to the mer-ry vil-lage chime.

Our feel-ings we with dif-fi-cul-ty  
When the cos-ter's finished jumping on his

cent en-joy-ment,  
brook a-gurg-ling,

hon-est man's.  
vil-lage chime.

smother, When con - sta - bu-la-ry du-ty's to be done.} Oh, take one con-sid-er-a-tion with an-  
moth-er, He loves to lie a-bask-ing in the sun.}

-cul-ty smoth-er, to be done.}  
on his moth-er, in the sun.}

oth-er, A po - lice-man's lot is not a hap-py one; When con-sta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be  
with an-oth-er, Ah, when con-sta-bu-la-ry du-ty's to be

done, to be done, The po - lice-man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one!  
done, to be done, The po - lice-man's lot is not a hap - py one, hap - py one!

# SOLO\_ Sergeant, & Chorus of Pirates & Police.

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## No 11.

CHORUS OF PIRATES (*behind the scenes*)

*Allegretto.*

PIANO.

A rol-lick-ing band of Pi-rates we, Who, ti- red of toss-ing on the sea, Are

SERGEANT

try-ing their hand at a bur-gla-ree, With wea-pons grim and go-ry. Hush, hush, I hear them on the

*p*

PIRATES

ma - nor poach-ing; With stealthy steps the Pirates are ap-proach-ing! We are not coming for plate or gold, A

sto-ry Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley told; We seek a pe-nal-ty fif-ty-fold For Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley's sto - ry!

CHORUS OF POLICE

They

## PIRATES

fif - ty-fold! We seek a pe-nal-ty We seek a pe-nal-ty

seek a pe-nal-ty fif - ty-fold! They seek a pe-nal-ty

*p*

fif - ty-fold For Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley's sto - ry!

fif - ty-fold For Ge-ne-ral Stan-ley's sto - ry! They come in force with steal - thy stride;

*pp*

CHORUS *repeat this, and dim. till next Chorus.*

Our ob - vious course is now to hide! Ta - ran - ta - ra, ta - ran - ta - ra!

*pp*

(Police conceal themselves in aisle L. As they do so the Pirates, | dow C. They enter cautiously, and come down stage on tiptoe.  
with RUTH and FREDERIC, are seen appearing at ruined win- | The KING is laden with burglarious tools and pistols, etc. etc.)

## Nº 12. SOLO— Samuel, & Chorus of Pirates.

**Allegro marziale.** CHORUS OF PIRATES.

**PIANO.** *f fz fz fz fz fz fz p ff* With cat-like tread up-

on our pre we steal; In si-lence dread our cau-tious way we feel! No sound at all, we

nev-er speak a word; A fly's foot-fall would be dis-tinct - ly heard!

**CHORUS OF POLICE.** Tara-ta - ra, ta-ra - ta -

So steal-thi - ly the Pi-rate creeps, While all the house-hold sound-ly sleeps.

ra!

*pp*

Come, friends, who plough the sea, Truce to na-vi-ga-tion, Take an-oth-er sta-tion;

*pp*

Ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

*pp*

Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee With a lit-tle bur-gla - ree! Come, friends, who

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra!

Ra, ra, ra, ra,

plough the sea; Truce to na-vi-ga-tion, Take an-oth-er sta-tion; Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee

ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra,

*cresc.*

**C SOLO. SAMUEL.**

With a lit-tle bur-gla - ree! Here's your crow-bar, And your

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra!

**C**

cen-tre bit, Your life pre-ser-ver, You may want to hit!

Your si-lent match-es, Your dark lan-tern seize! Take your file And your

*p*

ske-le-ton-ic keys!

**D**

**PIRATES.**  
With cat-like tread, in si-lence dread,

**POLICE.**

Ta-ran-ta-ra, ta-ran-ta-ra - - ra!

**D**

*f* *ff*

**PIRATES.**  
With cat-like tread up-on our prey we steal, In si-lence dread our cau-tious way we feel!

*ff* *p* *ff* *p* *ff* *p* *ff*

No sound at all, we nev-er speak a word; A fly's foot-fall would be dis-tinct - ly heard! Come, friends, who  
 POLICE. Ta-ran-ta - ra, ra, ra, ra,

plough the sea, Truce to na-vi-ga-tion, Take an-oth-er sta-tion; Let's va - ry pi - ra - cee -  
 ra,

With a lit-tle bur - gla - ree! With cat-like tread up-on our prey we steal;  
 ra. Ta-ran-ta-ra, ra, ra, ta-ran-ta-ra, Ta-ran-ta - ra, ra, ra,

In si-lence dread our cautious way we feel!  
 Ta-ran-ta - ra, taranta - ra, ra, ra!

*p* *ff* *p* *ff* *dim.* *p* *cresc.* *E* *ff* *E* *f* *ff*



## Frederic, King, Major-General, Police, &amp; Pirates.

## No 13.

FREDERIC.

PIRATES.

Hush, hush! not a word; I see a light in-side! The Ma-jor-Gen'ral comes, so quick-ly hide! Yes,

PIANO.

*fz* *p*

POLICE.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

yes, the Major-Gen'ral comes! He comes, the Ma-jor-Gen'ral comes! Yes, yes, the Ma-jor-Gen'ral comes! Tor-

Moderato.  
*a tempo*

men-ted with the anguish bread Of falsehood un-a-ton'd, I lay up-on my sleepless bed And toss'd and turn'd and groan'd; The

*p*

man who finds his con-science ache No peace at all en-joys; And as I lay in bed a-wake, I

## CHORUS OF PIRATES.

## Recit. MAJOR-GENERAL.

*p* *ff*

Tenors & Basses.

thought I heard a noise. He thought he heard a noise; Ha, ha! Now all is still, In dale or hill, My mind is set at ease; So still the scene, It might have been the sigh-ing of the

*p*

8

## SONG — Major-General &amp; Chorus (Pirates &amp; Police).

## Nº 14. Allegro grazioso.

breeze.

PIANO. *p* *mf*

1. Soft - ly sigh - ing to the ri - ver, Comes the lone - ly breeze;  
2. Yet the breeze is but a ro - ver; When hewings a - way,

*dim.* *pp*

Set - ting na - ture all a - qui - ver, Rust ling thro' the trees. And the brook, in  
 Brook and pop - lar mourn a lo - ver, Sigh - ing, "Well - a - day!" Ah, the do - ing

PIRATES, *pp*  
 Thro' the trees, -  
 "Well - a - day!"

POLICE.  
 Thro' the trees, -  
 "Well - a - day!"

rippling measure, Laughs for ver - y love, While the pop - lars, in their plea - sure, Wave their arms a -  
 and un - do - ing That the rogue could tell; When the breeze is out a - woo - ing Who can woo so

bove! —  
 well? —

1 Yes, the trees for ver - y love Wave their leaf - y arms a bove.  
 2 Shock - ing tales the rogues could tell, No - bod - y can woo so well.  
 SERGEANT with 2d BASS.

1 Yes, the trees for ver - y love Wave their leaf - y arms a bove.  
 2 Shock - ing tales the rogues could tell, No - bod - y can woo so well.

MAJOR-GENERAL with 1<sup>st</sup> TENORS.

*p* 1. Ri - ver, ri - ver, lit - tle ri - ver, May thy lov - ing pros - per e'er; Hea - ven  
 2. Pret - ty brook thy dream is o - ver, For thy love is but a ro - ver; Sad the

1. Ri - ver ri - ver lit - tle ri - ver, May thy lov - ing pros - per e'er; Hea - ven  
 2. Pret - ty brook thy dream is o - ver, For thy love is but a ro - ver; Sad the

*p* speed the pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be, Hea - ven speed the pop - lar  
 lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fic - kle breeze, Sad the lot of pop - lar

speed the pop - lar tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be, Hea - ven speed the pop - lar  
 lot of pop - lar trees, Court - ed by a fic - kle breeze, Sad the lot of pop - lar

*dim. p* tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be. by  
 trees, Court - ed

tree, May thy woo - ing hap - py be: by  
 trees, Court - ed

*dim. p* *mf*

*pp* a fic - kle breeze.  
 a fic - kle breeze.

*Red* \* *Red* \*

CHORUS OF GIRLS.  
SOPRANOS.

**C**

Allegro vivace. Now what is this, and what is that? And why does father leave his bed At such a time of night as this, So

ver - y in-com-plete - ly dressed? Dear fa-ther is, and al-ways was, The most me-tho-di-cal of men; It's

his in - va - ri - a - ble rule To go to bed at half-past ten. What strange oc-cur-rence can it be That

calls dear fa-ther from his rest At such a time of night as this, So ver - y in-complete-ly dressed!

**D**

So very incompletely dressed, At such a time of night.

**D**

KING. (*Springing up.*) Forward, my men, and seize that general there!

His life is over.

(*Dialogue*)

GIRLS

The pi-rates! the pi-rates! oh, des-pair!

PIRATES.

E

Yes, we're the pirates; so des-pair!

E

MAJOR-GENERAL.

MABEL.

Fred-e-ric here! oh joy! oh rap-ture! Summon your men and ef-fect their cap-ture. Fred-e-ric, save us!

FRED.

PIRATES.

F

Beau-ti-ful Ma-bel I would if I could, But I am not a-ble. He's tell-ing the truth, he is not a-ble.

KING.

With base de-ceit you work up-on our feel-ings; Re-venge is sweet, and

fla-vours all our deal-ings; With cou-age rare, and re-so-lution man-ly. For death pre-pare, un-

**G MABEL** **CHORUS OF GIRLS. MABEL**  
 hap-py Gen'ral Stanley! Is he to die, un-shri-ven, un-an-neal'd? Oh, spare him! Will no one in his cause a

**GIRLS** **POLICE** **GIRLS**  
 wea-pon wield? Oh, spare him! Yes, we are here, though hi-ther-to con-ceal'd! Oh, rap-ture!

(A struggle ensues between Pirates and Police, RUTH tackling SERGEANT. Eventually the Police are overcome and fall prostrate, the Pirates standing over them with drawn swords.)

**POLICE.** **GIRLS.**  
 Lo! to our pow-ers pi-rates quick-ly yield! Oh, rap-ture!

132 Allegro moderato.

**H PIRATES.**  
We tri-umph now, for well we trow Your mor-tal ca-reer's cut short; No pi-rate

**POLICE.**  
You tri-umph now, for well we trow Our mor-tal ca-reer's cut short; No pi-rate

**H Allegro moderato.**

band will take its stand At the Cen - - - - - tral Cri - mi-nal Court!

band will take its stand At the Cen - - - - - tral Cri - mi-nal Court!

**J** **SERGEANT.**  
To gain a brief ad-van-tage you've con trived; But

**J Moderato.**

**KING.**  
your proud triumph will not be long lived. Don't say you're orphans, for we know that game!



SERGEANT.

K

On your al - le - giance we've a stron - ger claim;

We bid you yield,

K

*slower.*

KING.

POLICE.

we bid you yield in Queen Vic - to - ria's name!

You do?

We

do! We charge you yield in Queen Vic - to - ria's name!

L KING.

*(Pirates kneel; Police stand over them triumphantly.)*

We yield at once with hum - bled mien,

Be - cause with all our

L L'istesso tempo.

POLICE.

faults, we love our Queen! Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their

(Police, holding Pirates by the collar, take out handkerchiefs and weep.)

1<sup>st</sup> SOPRANO. M Recit. MAJOR-GENERAL. RUTH.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen! A-way with them, and place them at the bar! One

2<sup>d</sup> SOPRANO.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

TENOR.

Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

POLICE. BASS.

Queen! Yes, yes, with all their faults, they love their Queen!

*a tempo*

mo-ment, let me tell you who they are: They are no members of the common throng, They are all no-ble-men

*p*

Un poco più animato.

CHORUS OF GIRLS.

who have gone wrong. Oh, spare them! they are all no-ble-men who have gone wrong. What,

*f*

O MAJOR-GENERAL.

KING. MAJOR-GENERAL. KING. **P**

all no-ble-men? Yes, *all* no-ble-men! What, all? Well, near-ly all!

**P** *ff*

MAJOR-GENERAL. *Moderato.*

No Eng-lish-man un-mov'd that state-ment hears! Be-cause, with all our

*p*

(All kneel.)

faults, we love our House of Peers; I pray you pardon me ex-Pi-rate King! Peers will be Peers, and

youth will have its fling! Re-sume your rank and legislative du-ties, And take my daughters, all of whom are

beau-ties!  
Tempo di Valse.

MABEL.  
Poor wan - d'ring ones,

Though ye have sure - ly strayed, Take heart of grace,

Your steps re - trace, Poor wan - d'ring ones! *rall.*

*a tempo*  
Poor wan - d'ring ones, If such poor love as ours

Can help you find true peace of mind, Why take it, it is.

MABEL.  
yours. Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah! Ah, ah,

EDITH & KATE.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor

RUTH  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor

FRED.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor

MAJOR-GENERAL.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor

KING & SAM.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor

CHORUS. Sopranos.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor wan - d'ring one,

Tenors & Basses.  
Poor wan - d'ring one, Poor wan - d'ring one,

ah, ah, ah! EDITH. Fair days will shine. Take heart,  
Fair days will shine. Take heart,  
wan - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,  
wan - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,  
wan - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,  
wan - d'ring one, Take heart, take heart,  
Take heart, take heart,  
Take heart, take heart,

8.

take mine! Take heart!

KATE & RUTH.  
Take a - ny heart, take ours!

FRED.  
Take a - ny heart, take ours!

MAJOR-GENERAL  
Take a - ny heart, take ours!

KING & SAM.  
Take a - ny heart, take ours!

CHORUS  
Take a - ny heart, take ours!

*f* *p*

[illegible]

MABEL, EDITH & KATE, *luet.*

RUTH, FRED., &amp; MAJOR-GENERAL with SOP.

EDITH with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP.

heart, Fair days will shine, Take heart, Fair days will shine,  
 KING & SAM, with BASSES.

heart, Fair days will shine, Take heart, Fair days will shine,

MABEL & EDITH with 1<sup>st</sup> SOP.MAJOR-GENERAL with 2<sup>d</sup> SOP.

Take

FRED. with TENOR.

heart, —

KING &amp; SAM, with BASS.

Take

heart,

MABEL.

EDITH.

KATE &amp; RUTH.

MAJOR-GENERAL.

Take heart, —

Take

heart, —

FRED. with TENOR. *ff*

Take heart, —

Take

heart, —

SAM &amp; KING with BASS. Take

heart, —



Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_

*sempre ff*

8

*ped*

*\* \**

Detailed description: This page of a musical score contains six systems. The first five systems each consist of a vocal staff (treble clef) and a piano staff (bass clef). The vocal staves have lyrics 'Take \_\_\_\_\_ ours! \_\_\_\_\_' with long horizontal lines for the vocalists to hold notes. The piano accompaniment in the first system is sparse, with long rests. The sixth system is a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) with a more active piano accompaniment. It includes the dynamic marking 'sempre ff' (fortissimo) and a fermata over the eighth measure. The final system is also a grand staff, continuing the piano accompaniment with a fermata over the eighth measure. At the bottom, there are markings for 'ped' (pedal) and two asterisks '\* \*'.